

The S P E E C H of a F I F E L A I R D

Newly come from the Grave.

WHat Accident, what strange Mishap He that enthrones a Shepherdling,
Awakes me from my Heav'nly Nap? He that dethrones a potent King;
What Spirit? what God-head by the And he that makes a Cotter Laird,
Math rais'd my Body from the Grave? (Lave, The Baron's Bairns to delve a Yard:
It is a hundred Years almost,
Since I was burid in the Dust,
And now I think that I am living,
Or else, but doubt, my Brains are raving;
Yet do I feel (while as I study)
The Faculties of all my Body:
I Taste, I Smell, I Touch, I Hear,
I find my Sight exceeding clear:
Then I'm alive, yea sure I am,
I know it by my Corp'ral Frame:
But in what part where I can be,
My wav'ring Brains yet torture me.
Once I was called a great Fife Laird,
I dwelt not far from the Hall-yard:
But who enjoys my Land and Pleugh,
My Castle, and my fine Coal-heugh:
I can find out no living Man,
Can tell me this, do what I can
Yet if my Mem'ry serve me well,
This is the Shire where I did dwell;
This is the Part where I was born:
For so beneath me stands Kinghorn:
And thereabout the Lowmond Hill
Stands as it stood yet ever still.
There is Bruntisland, Aberdore,
I see Fife's Coast along the Shore,
Yet I am right, and for my Life,
This is my native Country Fife,
O! but 'tis long and many a Year,
Since last my Feet did travel here.
I find great Change in old Lairds Places,
I know the Ground, but not the Faces,
Where shall I turn me first about,
For my Acquaintance is worn out?
O! this is strange, that ev'n in Fife,
I do know neither Man nor Wife;
No Earl, no Lord, no Laird, no People,
But Lefly and the Mark Inch-Steeple,
Old Noble Weems, and that is all,
I think enjoy their Father's Hall.
For from Dumfermling to Fife-ness
I do know none that doth possess
His Grandfire's Castles and his Tow'rs:
All is away that once was ours.
I'm full of Wrath, I scorn to tarrie,
I know them no more than the Fairie:
But I admire and marvel strange
What is the Cause of this great Change.
I hear a murmuring Report,
Passing among the Common Sort:
For some say this, and some say that,
And others tell, I know not what:
Some say the Fife Lairds ever rue,
Since they began to take the Lews:
That Bargain first did brew their Bale,
As tell the honest Men of Creil.
Some do ascribe their Supplantation,
Unto the Lawyers Congregation.
No, but this is a false Suppose:
For all things wyts that well not goes.
For what it will, there is some Source
Iath bred this universal Curse:
This Transmigration and Earthquake,
That caus'd the Lairds of Fife to break.

A Almighty, He that shakes the Mountains,
And brings great Rivers from small Fountains
It is the Power of his Hand,
That makes both Lords and Lairds have Land.
Yet there may be, as all Men knows
An Evident and well seen Cause,
A publick and a common Evil,
That made the meikle Master Devil
To cast his Club all Fife throughout,
And lent each Laird a deadly Rout.
Mark then, I'll tell you, how it was,
What way this Wonder came to pass:
It sets me best the Truth to Pen,
Because I fear no Mortal Men.
When I was born at Middle-yard weight,
There was no word of Laird or Knight,
The greatest Stiles of Honour then,
Was to be titled the Good-Man.
But changing Time hath chang'd the Case,
And puts a Laird in th' Good-man's place.
For Why? my Gossip Good-man John,
And honest James, whom I think on;
When we did meet whiles at the Hawking,
We us'd no Cringes but Hands shaking,
No Bowing, Shouldring, Gambo-scraping,
No French Whistling, or Dutch gaping.
We had no Garments in our Land,
But what were spun by th' Goodwife's hand:
No Drap de-berry, Cloaths of seal:
No Stuffs ingrain'd in Cocheneel,
No Plush, no Tissue, Cramosie;
No China, Turkey Taffety;
No proud Pyropus, Paragon,
Or Chackarally, there was none,
No Figurata, or Water-chamblat:
No Bishop-fatine, or Silk-chamblat,
No Cloth of Gold, or Bever-hats,
We care'd no more for, than the Cats:
No windy flourish'd flying Feathers,
No sweet permuffed shambo Leathers,
No Hilt or Crampet richly hatched:
A Lance, a Sword in hand we snatched.
Such base and B yish Vanities,
Did not befeem our Dignities:
We were all ready and compleat,
Stout for our Friends, on Horse or Feet,
True to our Prince to shed our Blood,
For Kirk, and for our Common Good.
Such Men we were, it is well known,
As in our Chronicles are shown.
This made us dwell into our Land,
And our Posterity to stand,
But when a young Laird became vain,
And went away to France and Spain,
Rome raking, wandering here and there:
O! then became our bootless Care:
Pride pufft him up, because he was
Far travel'd and return'd an A's.
Then must the Laird, the Good-man's Oye,
Be Knighted streight; and make convoy,
Coach'd through the Streets with Horses four,
Foot-grooms Palfremented o'er and o'er.
Himself cut out and flastit so wide,
Ev'n his whole shirt his Skin doth hide.

Gowpherd, Gratnized Cloaks rare pointed,
Embroider'd, lac'd, with Boots disjointed,
A Belt emboss with Gold and Purle:
False Hair made craftily to curl:
Side Brecks be button'd o'er the Garter's,
Was ne'er the like seen in our Quarters.
Tobacco and Wine Frontinack,
Potato-Pasties, Spanish Sack,
Such uncouth Food, such Meat and Drink,
Could never in our Stomachs sink:
Then must the Grandson swear and swagger
And show himself the bravest Bragger,
A Bon-companion and a Drinker,
A delicate and dainty Ginker.
So is seen on't. These foolish Jigs,
Hath caus'd his Worship sell his Rigs.
My Lady, as she is a Woman,
Is born a Helper to undo Man,
Her Ladyship must have a share,
For she is Play-maker and mair;
For she invents a thousand Toys,
That House and Hold and all destroys,
As Scarfs, Shephroas, Tuffs, and Rings,
Fairdings, Facings, and Powderings
Rebats, Ribands, Bands, and Ruffs,
Lapbends, Shagbands, Cuffs and Muffs,
Folding outlays, Pearling sprigs,
Atrys, Vardigals, Periwigs:
Hats, Hoods, Wires and also Kells,
Washing-balls, and perfuming Smells:
French-gows cut out and double banded:
Jet Rings to make her pleasant handed:
A Fan, a Feather, Bracelets, Gloves,
All new come-busks she dearly loves:
For such trim bony Baby-clouts,
Still on the Laird she greets and shouts:
Which made the Laird take up more Gear,
Than all the Lands or Rigs could bear.
These are the Emblems, that declares
The Merchant's thriftless needliss wares:
The Tailor's curious Vanitie,
My Lady's Prodigalitie.
This is the Truth which I discover:
I do not care for Feid or Favour;
For what I was, yet still I am,
An honest, plain, true dealing Man;
And if these Words of mine would mend them
I care not by, though I offend them.
Here is the Cause most plainly shown,
That have our Country overthrowen,
'Tis said of old, that other's Harms,
Is oftentimes the wife Man's Arms:
And he is thought most wife of all,
That learns Good from his Neighbour's Fall:
It grieves my heart to see this Age,
I cannot stay to act more Stage:
I will ingrave me in the Ground,
And rest there till the Trumpet sound;
And if I have said ought astray,
Which may a Messon's Mind dismay,
I do appeal before the Throne
Of the great Powers three in one;
The Supream Sovereignty,
The Parliament of veritie:
And if you think my Words offends,
Ye must be there, I's make a mends.